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THE
LIVERPOOL PRIZE,

A
F A R C E:

IN TWO ACTS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN,

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE

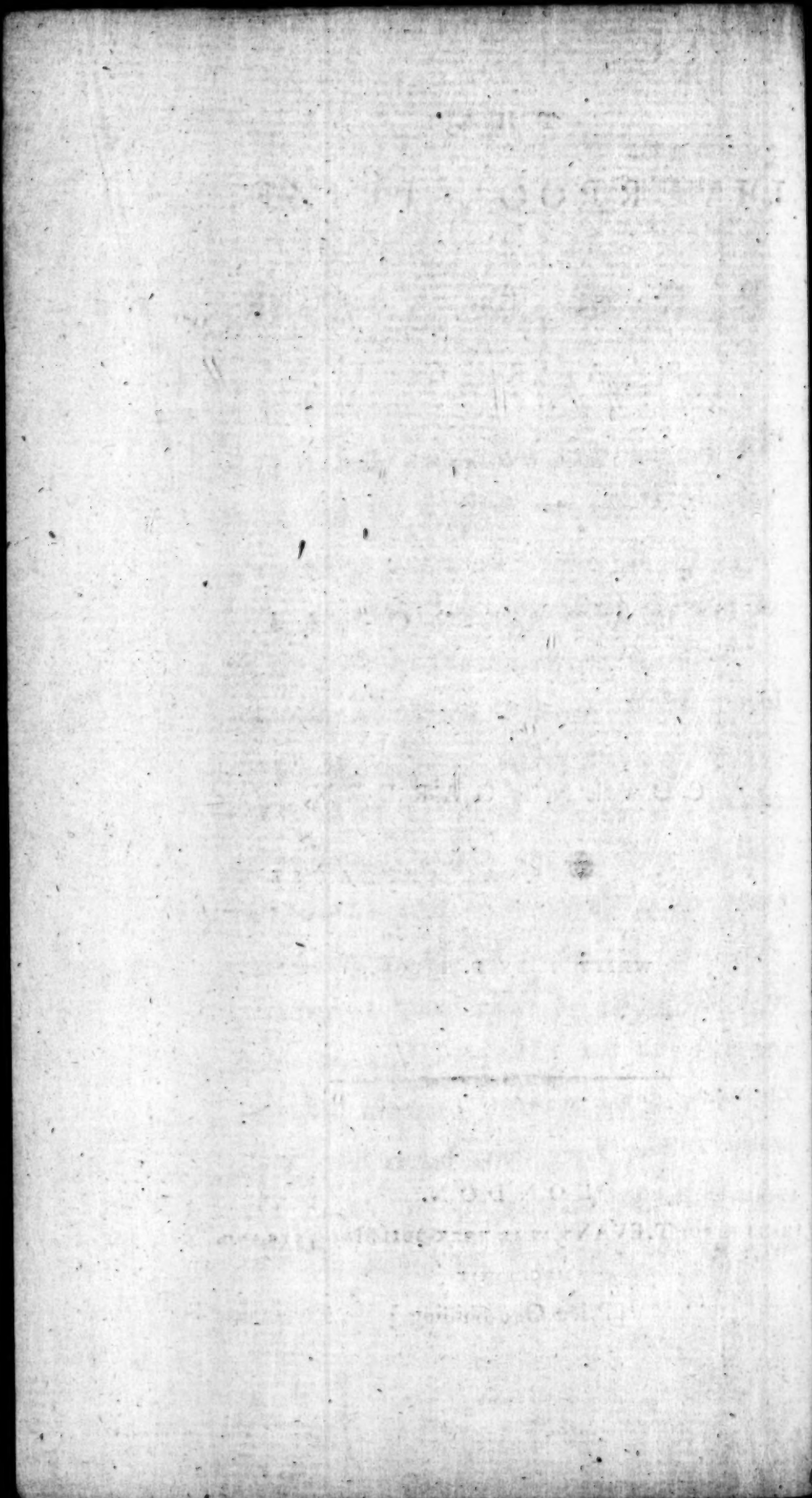
WRITTEN BY F. PILON.

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MDCCLXXIX.

[Price One Shilling.]



P R E F A C E.

IT having been insinuated, that the Liverpool Prize was written in the spirit of party, the author takes this opportunity of publicly declaring, that nothing could be further from his intention than such an idea. If the maritime phrases so often repeated on a late public occasion, be deemed satire in disguise, he confesses himself too dull to find it out; it was impossible to avoid using them, in painting a sailor like Teneriffe: but admitting they were selected in consequence of their being temporary, the writer of the Liverpool Prize has done no more in using them, than the best dramatic writers have done before him, and, indeed, ought to continue to do, if the stage be the mirror of the times. Disting-

guished as Shakespeare was, and above the necessity of stooping to temporary allusions, yet would he sometimes sacrifice to them, in order to gratify the public; a circumstance which has contributed not a little to that obscurity in his writings which has so long amused and perplexed the critics. As to the liberty the author took in mentioning Admiral Keppel's name, he hopes no man is so great an enemy to his country as to ascribe it to party; it was the tribute of his heart; an echo to the voice of a whole nation, loud in praise of a man who had so often fought the battles of Old England with success, and in whose hands the honour of the British flag can never tarnish.

PROLOGUE. Written by the AUTHOR

Spoken by Mr. LEE LEWES, in the Character of a Lottery-Office-Keeper.

[Enters, reading a play-bill.]

THE Liverpool prize! what are these folks still on
The twenty thousand paid Leland and Dillon?

[Pausing.]

I sold that number, and insured it too,
Aye, prizes out of number, 'tween me and you!

[Looking round with surprise.]

'Sdeath! where am I? What! stumbled on the stage?

No wonder that, in this satyric age;

Here marksman Wit shoots at all game that flies,

One night a Nabob—next a Moleworth dies,

Why even this I could suppose Guildhall;

But that I miss the wheels, and giants 'gainst the wall,

[Looking at the figures of Tragedy and Comedy.]

Miss the giants! from the earliest age

Those Ladies have stood Gog and Magog of the stage.

Then round in expectation buyers sit,

Before me the Commissioners, in the Pit,

Who meet in judgment on each muse-struck vot'ry,

And on these hustings Genius has its Lott'ry.

All the world's a stage—old Shakespeare declares,

And all the men and women merely play'rs.

Did Shakespeare's genius light the present day,

All the world's a lott'ry, I'm sure, he'd say.

What is the law, but a deep scheme which tries

To pick your pocket of a swinging prize?

Physic's another, of which, friends, beware,

For death and the doctor all the prizes share.

We fix upon a number in a wife,

And without luck we draw—a blank for life;

Unless, indeed, we take the well-bred course,

To insure, at Doctors Commons, by divorce.

The state by all's a lott'ry allow'd,

The wheels of state you know—'Sdeath, I'm too loud.

The lott'ry wheels, good folks, I mean to say,

The wheels of state go always the right way.

Yonder's the poet, with a dismal face,

Who would attempt to underwrite his case?

If he thinks I will, our poet here is bit,

I never sign a policy on wit.

[Addressing the audience.]

Here is the only office can secure him,

If you approve, the town will then insure him.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEBENTURE, an old Merchant,	Mr. QUICK.
TENERIFFE, a Guinea Captain, retired upon his money,	Mr. WILSON.
WILMOT, Captain of a Privateer, and Nephew to Debenture,	Mr. ROBSON.
GEORGE BELFORD, Nephew to Debenture,	Mr. WHITFIELD.
OLD BELFORD, father to Geo. Belford,	Mr. CLARKE.
MONSIEUR COROMANDEL, a French General,	Mr. WEWITZER.
BRONZE, Servant to George Bel- ford,	Mr. BRUNSDON.
BREEZE,	Mr. FEARON.
MIDSHIPS, an old disabled Sea- man,	Mr. LEE LEWES.
SAILORS, &c.	

WOMEN.

HARRIET, Daughter to Deben- ture,	Miss BROWN.
FANNY, her Woman,	Mrs. MORTON.
ADELAIDE, a Gentoo Woman, Wife to Coromandel,	Miss STEWART.

Scene lies at Liverpool.

THE

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A C T I.

SCENE I. *an Apartment in Debenture's House.*

Enter Fanny and Bronze.

FANNY.

AND you really think, Mr. Bronze, that I believe what you tell me?

Bron. Not I, upon my soul; I only hope you'll make your mistress believe it.

Fan. Why have you no more conscience, firrah! than to expect I'll tell my mistress lies for you?

Bron. What else should you tell her, hussy, if you have a mind to keep your place? A fine woman, has nothing but lies told her from morning till night, and expects nothing else from her lover, or her chamber-maid.

Fan. Well, I protest, its enough to corrupt any *virtuous* girl to converse with your London *servants*.

Bron. Why, I don't know but you are right, Fanny; especially, if it be a *virtuous* girl like yourself, who has beauty enough to be worth taking pains with---

B

But

But tell me, is your mistress drest? How does she look in her uniform?

Fan. Ay, she is drest, and if she'd take my advice, she'd undress again.

Bron. And my master's too; but all in good time, Fanny. I am now come to tell you, to be ready, to let him in, at the back stairs, in about ten minutes; he has a chaise and four ready, and will whisk you and your mistress off, you jade in---

Fan. Hold, hold, my good friend! won't the wheels of his carriage want a little greasing---When I saw you both in Liverpool last, you were not much encumbered with the weight of your purses.

Bron. 'Sdeath! I had like to have forgot my principal argument, with a chambermaid. [*Put his hand in his pocket, and pulls out a guinea.*] Look at this little smiling rogue; we have two hundred of the same pattern; and my master desired I would make a present of this, to his good friend, and my adorable Fanny, as an earnest of future favours.

Fan. Well, I protest this is very pretty of him; and I am ~~very~~ I am glad, that he's taking her off from that great ugly monster, Teneriffe; I have always said, it was a pity, they should not come together. The lieutenant, you know, is her cousin, he loves her; and, I'm sure, there's no love lost, indeed, Mr. Bronze. If you have many such arguments, Bronze, as your last, there will be no resisting you.

Bron. Many, hussy! my master and I, have an unlimited credit on the bank of Israel.

Fan. The bank of Israel! I never heard of such a bank in my life.

Bron. It is a sign you are a good christian, and never wanted money: Abraham, Jacob, and Co. are the only bankers we can draw upon now: Heaven help us, since I and my master became poor, nobody, but

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infidels, will credit us.---But how is old Debenture ? Is he screwed up with the rheumatism, or bound hand and foot with the gout ?

Fan. Neither---He has both hands and feet at liberty, and is now sitting with his constant companion, Captain Teneriffe, over his evening pipe.

Bron. Is not that the great sea calf, that is intended for our divine little Harriet ?

Fan. The very same---Well, I protest, Mr. Bronze, its enough to make one die with laughing, to hear them both talk ; they rave of nothing but their privateer from morning till night, and the prizes she's to bring in ; the only thing, which troubles me, is Captain Wilmot, that's gone in her.---Oh ! the sweet fellow ! He did not leave a dry eye in Liverpool, when he went away. I do believe he might have manned his ship with women, if he had a mind.

Bron. Well blundered, my sweet little bull-maker ---Lord ! how a pretty face does sanctify nonsense.

Fan. Oh ! Mr. Bronze, you are such a wit, there's no such thing as speaking before you, you are so sophistical in your reflections. [*A bell rings.*] Dear me, let me be gone ; there's my mistress's bell. Let me go, you devil, or you'll ruin me.

Bron. What at your years, Fanny ? [*Bell again.*]

Fan. Pshaw ! let me go, I beg of you.

Bron. But first, take this, and this ; [*kissing her*] these are the only guineas I can give you now.

Fan. But don't think I take them as sterling currency ?

Bron. If you did, hussy, I'd impeach you of high treason in the court of love, and have you punished for clipping them. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II. *changes to a Parlour in the same House.*

Debenture and Teneriffe, discovered at a Table, with Pipes, and a Bowl of Liquor before them. Midships in waiting.

Ten. How is the wind, Midships?

Mids. It blows right in the harbour, your honour.

Deb. Then who knows, but we may have them in to-night?

Ten. Like enough.

Deb. I have been thinking, friend Teneriffe, how many prizes she must have taken, in the ten days she has been out. Let me see now---she has been out ten days---The first day, I remember, was as fine a day as ever came out of the heavens---But then she could not have got very near the French coast the first day; and if she took one, it was not bad,---No, no, one was the most she took the first day.

Mids. Stave in my head rails, how you do talk.

Ten. Avast, Midships, don't fire the chase guns too soon, we'll bring him up with a wet sail presently.

Deben. But what a terrible day was the second; the chimney of the Golden Lion was blown down; you may remember the circumstance very well; for we were to have dined there, and our dinner was spoilt by the accident---a fine goose was knockt of the spit by the fall of a brick-bat; a large pot, with a plumb pudding in it, clean overturned; and the cook scalded in so terrible a manner, she was obliged to be sent to the hospital.

Ten. If only a dinner was overfet, in that day's gale, brother Debenture, we have no right to complain of
the

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the weather---but poor Sally, I hope she rid it out---
Every blast went to my heart.

Mids. But what was that gale to the one we had in
our last voyage to the coast of Guinea?

Ten. Right, Midships, not a capfull---Damme, I
had forgot that gale; but do you remember our battle
next day with the Spanish frigate?

Ten. Do I? We were upon the larboard quar-
ter, as it might be here---so I whips up my helm a
weather, shoots under her counter, and we raked her
fore and aft, with a whole broadside of round, double,
and grape.

Deben. Oh! now they have got fighting the Spaniards
on the coast of Guinea, we shan't have them in the
Channel these two hours.

Ten. Now, friend Debenture, an account of this
battle is worth hearing. *[Lays down his pipe.*

Deben. Why, you know, you have told it to me
above twenty times.

Ten. Suppose this here bowl now, do you see me,
the enemy, and my pipe the Bonny.

Mids. You know, your honor, we had got the wea-
ther gage of them---now this here tobacco-pouch.

Ten. Avast, you lubber, do you think I want your
assistance to fight a ship?

Deben. I wish to the lord, this battle was well over,
for it threatens to prove a devilish obstinate one.

Ten. The enemy, I say, bore right down upon us,
as this here bowl may do, do you see.

[Drawing the bowl towards him, spills the liquor.

Deben. But, my good friend, don't overfet our punch
in the heat of the action, you may chance to need it
to recruit your spirits, when the battle is over.

Ten. We received two broadsides from her without
firing a single shot, till luffing up right under her stern,

as

as you say, Midships, we raked her fore and aft the first broadside.

Mids. Away went her mizen-mast.

Ten. Next goes the main-mast by the board.

Mids. Grapple, damme, is the word, and pepper them; and in less than a shake of her main top sail, there was not a stick of timber left standing between the poop lanthorn and the bees of her bowsprit.

Deben. Zounds! the fight grows devilish hot, I had better get out of the way, or I shall come in for my share of the action.

Ten. Now we come close along side, yard arm and yard arm; clear the decks, boys! and Spanish gold was the word. We boarded them with five and twenty choice hands, and before you could upset a serving mallet, we had every Spanish dog upon his beam end, damn me!

Mids. I see her strike. Damme, I see her strike.

Deben. Heaven be praised, for now I hope the battle is over.

Ten. Ay, midships, the lubbers struck, just as my boys found themselves in a trim for fighting.

Mids. I never was so sorry for any thing in all my born days, your honour.

Deben. And I was never better pleased at any thing in the course of my life. In the devil's name, how long would you continue fighting?

Ten. How long would we continue fighting?—What a question to ask an Englishman and a sailor!—How long would we continue fighting! Till the blood ran out of our scuppers; till we had not a rag of canvas, or a splinter of wood to hang it on; ay, damme, till we had died, and then—why we should have fought like Englishmen.

Mids.

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Mids. You see, master Debenture, he understands a thing or two. But come, now the battle's over, let us stow our grog. [*Takes the Bowl.*] Come, here's the King! Bless his heart, I have lost two legs in his service.

Ten. No, no; only one, Midships.

Mids. I say two; one of 'em (as hearty a piece of oak as ever was stumped upon) I lent to a brother seaman, and it was burnt in the fire at Greenwich-Hospital; and the other was disabled by a two and forty pounder, in the last war, with as brave a fellow as ever pricked for his beef---*Commodore Keppel.*

Deben. But hark'ee, neighbour Teneriff, suppose whilst you are fighting this Spanish frigate, a pirate should take possession of your best prize---Have you forgot Harriet? Did not I tell you, that my graceless nephew George Belford is stationed here; I wish from my heart, he had been sent to fight the French; that fellow is as dangerous amongst women as a kite in a hen-roost, and will snap her up in spite of us, if we have not our eyes about us.

Ten. Odds bobs! I had forgot my little frigate; but suppose we croud all the sail we can for the port of matrimony, there we shall have safe riding.

Mids. Ay, your honour, if there's no damn'd squalls off Cuckold's Point. [*Exit Mid.*]

Deben. You shall marry her to-morrow, neighbour Teneriffe, for that rascal will stick at nothing to get her; he'd hang his uncle for her sake, ay, his father, if he's not hang'd already, for, heaven be praised, he has not been heard of these eighteen years; when he married my poor sister, he was as wild and extravagant as that fellow now is.

Enter

Enter Jonathan in haste.

Jon. Oh! they are come, they are come, they are come, Sir.

Deben. What, the Charming Sally! Is she come?

Jon. Yes, Sir; yes, Sir; she and her prizes are all now laying at the quay.

Deben. Here's news, neighbour Teneriffe!--But, Jonathan, my good lad, did you reckon the prizes? I hope you took care of that.

Jon. I did try, your worship; but, ecod, there was so many of them, I was always out before I had done counting: but every body said there was not less than four French East-Indiamen, a Spanish galleon, laden with dollars, and a snow from Bourdeaux, full of excellent claret. *[Exit Jon.]*

Ten. Four French East-Indiamen prizes, a galleon, and a snow from Bourdeaux--Damme, its impossible, one of them would blow her out of the water.

Deben. Why you'll believe nobody; don't you hear every body say four East-Indiamen, and a snow from Bourdeaux? Only I know you love money, I should suppose that you grudg'd yourself this piece of good fortune---but come, we'll set off ourselves and see her.

Ten. Not I. I'll not budge the length of a hand-spike. If she's coming in, I shall be soon saluted with a message from the pilot.

Deben. I am deaf; I don't hear a word you say. I won't believe a word you say, for I'm determined to have the four East-Indiamen, the galleon, and the Bourdeaux-man, in spite of you, and our enemies together. This is all my boy Wilmot's doing, my own nephew, Russel Cloudefly Wilmot---Damme, his very name was enough to make prizes of a whole fleet.

Enter

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Enter Jonathan.

Jon. Sir, there's a sailor without, who desires to see you and Captain Teneriffe.

Deben. Let him come in, let him come in, by all means. [*Exit Jonathan.*] Now we shall see who is right; we shall have some news now of the East-Indiamen, and the galleon---mind, I say four, besides the galleon and the Bourdeaux-man.

Enter Breeze.

Ten. What, Breeze! I am glad to see thee, boy; why you have brought 'em to, I find.

Breeze. Yes, your honour; we have made a trip that will lay us up safe in dock for the rest of our lives. I have just stept out of the pilot boat, sent by Captain Wilmot, to tell you, all aboard is well, and that he'll have the prize at the dock in half an hour.

Deben. The prizes you mean, my good friend.

Ten. He means the prize, I tell you. Can't you be satisfied with one good one?

Deben. Pr'ythee, my honest fellow, do you undeceive this obstinate man, and let him know, how many prizes you have taken.

Breeze. How many we have taken!

Ten. I'll stake my share against yours, that he has taken but one, tho' I believe that to be a good one, from all the fufs that is made about it.

Deben. Now, have not you taken four East-Indiamen, a galleon, and a snow from Bourdeaux? Answer me directly, and stop the foolish man's mouth.

Breeze. Four East-Indiamen, a galleon, and a snow
C from

from Bourdeaux ! Why, zounds, Sir, do you think we had a squadron of first rates with us ?

Deben. Why, I confess, it was a very great capture : but, perhaps, we have been misinformed, as to the galleon ; however, I am certain there can be no mistake as to the four East-Indiamen and the Bourdeaux-man---then I have as good as promised a tun of the claret to an acquaintance, and sure you would not have me worse than my word.

Breeze. Unship my binnacle, I don't know what you'd be at.

Ten. Why, dampe, he'd have you take the whole French navy in a cockle shell.

Breeze. Your honour, it would be a damn'd hard thing to do that ; but if I had room to work my guns in one, I'd engage to fight them till they either beat or sunk me.

Ten. Well said, my heart of oak ! But what prizes have you taken ?

Breeze. The third day we were out, we took a Bourdeaux-man, laden with claret, and sent her into Waterford in Ireland.

Deben. I am very glad of that. Go on, my friend, go on, don't be tedious.

Breeze. Yesterday morning, we fell in with this here Indiaman, now coming into the harbour, which Captain Wilmot, and every hand aboard, says, is worth half a million.

Ten. If she's worth half that, Breeze, she's a noble prize. Now, my old boy, what do you say ? Sure you are not dissatisfied, though you have got but the one Indiaman.

Deben. But how did the other three escape, Breeze ? Didnt you meet eyer a galleon in your way ?

Breeze. Why you know, master, we have no right
to

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to meddle with a galleon, the Spaniards and we are very good friends.

Deben. I had forgot that---but I wish you had snapped her up for all that.

Ten. What not content yet? Damme, you're a true Nabob, all the riches of the east would not satisfy you.

Breeze. But I have a another message for you, Sir. There are some great folks taken a-board the Frenchman, which Captain Wilmot desires you'll provide lodgings for.

Deben. They shall lodge at my own house till they are better provided for. But tell me their names and quality, that I may know how to conduct myself, and make suitable preparations.

Breeze. Why, in the first place, there's a Dutch merchant, who has sent a power of money over to Europe; he must have a good birth, for Captain Wilmot is very fond of him, I suppose, because he speaks English.

Deben. I'll take care of him, he shall have the best bed in my house.

Breeze. Then there's a French general and his copper coloured wife.

Deben. Oh, zounds! I'll get them private lodgings. Any more?

Breeze. These are all he spoke to me about.

Deben. Pray what is the Dutch merchant and the French general's names?

Breeze. The Dutch merchant's name I have forgot; but the French general's name is Mounsheer Coromandel.

Deben. Upon my word, it has a fine rumbling general-like sound. But harkee, Breeze, go you in and get some refreshment. Here, Jonathan!

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Enter Jonathan.

Here, take this honest fellow ; give him whatever he pleases to eat and drink.

Breeze. I shall drink the Charming Sally and her prize in a bumper.

Ten. In a dozen, Breeze ; ay, you dog, till your understanding strikes to the brandy bottle.

[Exit Breeze.]

Deben. Now suppose you were to step into Harriet's apartment, and under pretence of shewing your gallantry, watch that she receives or sends no letters from or to that dog Belford.

Ten. With all my heart ; I'll e'en finish my pipe with her.

Deben. Zounds, man ! don't take your pipe with you ; women hate the smell of tobacco worse than a water-side warehouse.

Ten. I want to ask Breeze some questions, and then I'll go court a bit.

Deben. Do so, do so. *[Exit severally.]*

SCENE III. Harriet's Apartment.

Harriet (in a Naval Officer's uniform) and George Belford discovered.

Har. Well, George, how do I look ? Very fierce and sailor-like ?

G. Bel. You look bewitchingly terrible ; as formidable as beauty and a cockade can make you.

Har. Psha ! I don't like that ; if I were a man, I could

could say fifty times a handsomer thing to my mistress. But can you say nothing to me now upon the figure I cut? Is there nothing strikes you, ha! in this martial air, this quarter-deck strut, or the easy dangle of this well-hung sword? Oh, heavens! if I were a man, and had my mistress in the same situation you now have, I'd have something to say to every part about her, even her cockade should not escape me; I'd tell her, that engineer Cupid had lain perdu in that little ambush of black ribband, in order to level the artillery of her eyes with more certain aim against her fighting admirer.

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Oh, dear ma'am! I have bad news and good news to tell you all in a breath.

G. Bel. Then let us have the good news first, dear Fanny, to give us spirits to support the bad which is to follow.

Fan. My sweet Captain Wilmot is coming into the harbour with Lord knows how many French prizes and Spanish rigadoons, and all the world is running to see him.

G. Bel. But are you sure that this is true?

Fan. Lord bless me, Sir, there's Mr. Breeze, one of his own failors, below with Captain Teneriffe in the back parlour; it is from him I learn'd it.

G. Bel. This is news indeed, my Harriet. You know Wilmot's friendship for me; I could depend upon his assistance to the utmost.

Fan. Yes, Sir, and they took an old Dutch gentleman, who knows your father, Sir, and says, that he's
heartily

heartly and well, somewhere over the sea, and as rich as a Jew.

G. Bel. Gracious heaven ! What do I hear ? My father still living, after an absence of eighteen years from his friends and his country !

Fan. I haven't time now to tell you any more, for as I am a living Christian, I hear Captain Teneriffe's foot on the stairs. What shall we do ?

G. Bel. Can't we get in here till he's gone ?

Fan. That won't signify, Sir, a pin, for he's coming to see Miss Harriet, and he must see her, and he will see her. Oh, I have it. Get you in.

[Pushing Belford into the closet.]

G. Bel. Zounds ! sure you won't leave Harriet out ; won't he know her ?

Fan. Get in, I tell you, he won't know her. She looks more like an officer than you do. [She shuts him in the closet.] Now, Madam, you are my sweetheart ; that's enough.

Enter Captain Teneriffe.

Ten. Ha ! who have we here ? By his uniform he should belong to the navy. Damme, sure he has not had a signal to come into my little frigate's wake.

Fan. Ah, Sir ! how you fine gentlemen do talk, and promise us poor girls, who have nothing but our virtues and our characters to depend upon.

Ten. Then you are damn'd badly off, let me tell you, young woman.

Har. Why, huffy, I'll take you into keeping, buy you a gold watch, and more silk gowns than you'll be able to wear out these seven years.

Ten. What a confounded extravagant young dog it is !

Fan. But how shall I be able to reconcile such a thing to my conscience?

Ten. Her conscience! I see how the land bears. Her conscience will be sent on the same cruise with her virtue presently.

Fan. I think I hear my mistress; if we should disturb her, we should be undone. I'll see if she's stirring. [*She goes to the closet door, seeing Teneriffe, shrieks, and discovers great surprise.*] Oh, heavens! we are ruined for ever! my character's gone.

Har. [*Drawing.*] Let me see who dares say a word against your character. I'll be thro' his body in a single lunge, [*Lunges.*] damme.

Ten. Why, I won't tell, you fool.

Har. 'Sblood and fire, Sir! If I thought you would ever breathe an accent which might cast a shadow of reproach on this adorable and virtuous creature's character, by the love and tenderness I bear her, I'd sacrifice you this moment to my resentment.

Ten. [*Throwing his pipe down with great violence.*] Why, unbend my top-sails, what do you mean, you young lubber, to jaw me at this rate? Do you think I am afraid of your spit? Damme, but if you heave out any more of this slack jaw, you whey-faced milk-fop, I'll shatter your ginger-bread upper-works for you, and teach you better manners.

Fan. [*Aside to Harriet.*] For heaven's sake, Madam, don't be too bold; if he was to get your sword, what would become of us?

Har. [*Aside.*] I had best make it up with him.-- Bless me, Captain, what has put you in this rage? I never suspected that you would discover us. No, Sir, I knew Captain Teneriffe to be a man of too much gallantry himself, to blab on these delicate occasions.

Ten. I don't rightly, for my part, understand you,
young

young fellow; but I'd advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head, if you have a mind to sleep in a whole jacket. But now I look at you again, though well-rigg'd, you are devilish slightly built; those timbers don't seem fit for rough weather. Dammie, if I believe you ever had your bows scrap'd yet. [*Takes her by the chin.*] Your chin is as bare as a biscuit.

Fan. I am frightened out of my wits, for fear he should know her.

Har. But pr'ythee, my old friend, ar'n't you going to be married?

Ten. Yes, my young friend, I have some notion of being spliced.

Har. A little this way, that the girl might not over-hear us. [*Taking Ten. aside.*]

Fan. I wonder what she is going to say to him.

Har. Do you see that door yonder? [*Pointing to it.*]

Ten. Ay.

Har. It's the door of your mistress's bed-chamber.

Ten. I believe it may.

Har. I lay there last night.

Ten. The devil you did!

Har. I did, by all that's false in woman.

Ten. And did she stow in the same hammock?

Har. I don't know whether I make myself understood: but to speak as plain as man can, I tell you for all together, that she and I lay in the same room, and in the same bed last night; to which room, and which bed, I have free access, whenever I please to visit them.

Ten. Why, choke my chain pumps, what a discovery is here?

Har. But I must insist upon your secrecy; my honour is at stake. I confess, I conceived a friendship for you, the moment I saw you, and determined to tell you the secret, to prevent your being imposed upon.

Ten.

Ten. Give me your hand. I take you to be a damn'd honest little fellow : but to shew you that I am none of your false-hearted ungrateful lubbers, as I have pretty good interest with a certain great man, I'll endeavour to get you a ship, you dog.

Har. That will make me happy, indeed.

Deben. [*Without.*] Stow all the general's chests and trunks below stairs.

Fan. Oh, Lord ! we are undone ! Here comes my master.

Ten. Here comes Debenture. Now you shall see how I'll accost him.

Har. But, my dear friend, I shall be ruined if he finds me here. Suppose you were to tell him, I am a relation of yours, invited here to see your wedding.

Ten. But do you think he'll believe me ?

Har. Never doubt it.

Ten. Do you take a turn or two to leeward, and I'll try if I can't get to windward of him.

Enter Debenture.

Deben. They can't come up to the quay for want of water this half hour ; but General Coromandel and the swarthy lady, and Mynheer Van Slopen, are all coming a-shore in the barge. Ha ! who the dickens have we yonder ? What brings him here ? Do you know him, friend Teneriffe ?

[*Seeing Harriet.*]

Ten. Very well ; he's my kinsman.

Deben. Oh, is he ? Sir, your most humble servant. [*Salutes Harriet.*] You are welcome to Liverpool. It is really a pretty young fellow. I suppose he's come to be present at your wedding.

[*She bows.*]

Ten. He is ; but he'll be disappointed.

Deben. Why, has Harriet told you, she won't have you ?

D

Ten.

Ten. No. But I tell you, but I won't have her.

Deben. Ha! what's this I hear? Won't have her!

Ten. No, I tell you. I am an old seaman, and have no mind for a voyage round cape Horn.

Deben. But what is the meaning of all this? Where is Harriet?

Ten. I tell you what; I won't have your daughter, and I tell you why; I don't love to have the cargo of a vessel charged to my account, when I have no hand in the freighting her.

Deben. I don't know what you mean; what have you to say against my daughter?

Ten. Ask my kinsman; he'll tell you.

Deben. What, that jackanapes strutting about there? Is it he has made all this mischief?

Ten. He knows your daughter.

Deben. Well, and what then?---Do you know my daughter, Sir?

Har. I have that honour, Sir. [*Bowing.*]---Oh, Fanny, I wish I was out of the house. [*Aside to Fanny.*

Fan. I wish to the Lord you were, Ma'am.

Deben. And pray, Sir, how long have you known her?---Harriet herself, as I'm alive!--

Har. As long as I can remember, Sir. I know all and every thing about her.

Ten. What do you say to this?---But he'll tell you more presently.

Deben. Most noble Sir, your very humble servant. Pray, Sir, what is your rank in the navy? Admiral, I suppose? Why, friend Teneriffe, I find your kinsman is a near relation of mine.

Ten. Eh!--Why sure it can't be.---Yes, but it is.

Deben. Oh, thou wise head! to be so grossly imposed upon. Now, Sir, as I have a great regard for my daughter's character; and as, I understand, you have
been

been taking great liberties with it, I'll take care to confine you, till I have secured her a husband. [*Attempts to open the closet door, which he finds locked.*] Here, you baggage, give me the key of this door.

[*To Fanny.*]

Fan. I have it not, Sir.

Deben. Who has it then?

Fan. I don't know; its lost, Sir; my mistress does not lie there now.

Deben. You lie, hussy, in every part of the house, and therefore should give an account of every thing missing. Give it me this moment, or I'll turn you out of doors.

Fan. With all my heart. [*Aside to Harriet.*] It is locked on the inside, Ma'am, don't mind him.

Har. I am terrified to death, for fear they should attempt to break it open.

Deben. Here, Robin, William, Jonathan. Come up all of you here, and break open this door for me; there's more yet in the wind; this door has not been locked for nothing.

Enter Servants, with slaves and crows, &c.

Break it open, I say. [*As they are about to open it, George Belford appears.*]

Deben. What, George!

G. Bel. Spare your severity, Sir, for a moment. Captain Teneriffe, a word with you.

Ten. A word! a whole log book, if you please.

[*They retire apart, and seem in warm debate.*]

Deben. Eh!--What the devil can he want with him?

Har. Support me, Fanny, or I shall faint. Will you give me leave to retire? [*To Deben.*]

Deben. Ay, ay, you shall retire. Come along--- What, hussy, do you think to go in with her?

Fan. Lud ! don't you see the poor young lady is scarce able to stand upon her legs.

Deben. Then I am sure you are a damned bad prop to save any woman from falling. But get along in, for this time, and I'll take care you shall pack off, bag and baggage, as soon as she is recovered a little.

Har. Oh, fortune ! this is one of thy severest strokes.

[*Exeunt Harriet and Fanny into the bedchamber.*]

Deben. [*After locking them in.*] So, the bird is caged again.

Ten. Damme ! I am too old and weather-beaten, to fight now.

G. Bel. As a man of honour, you can never be too old to fight, though as a man of sense, you have been long too old to marry. But, Sir, I have done ; you know my fixed, my determined resolution ; and as you value your reputation, direct your conduct.

[*Exit George Belford.*]

Deben. What does he want you to fight him ? Has he challenged you ?

Ten. Yes ; he has challenged me.

Deben. But sure, you are not fool enough to mind that.

Ten. Why, looker friend, I am not afraid, do you see, of any man, or any ship that sails the salt seas ; but I don't think it right to venture my life for a woman : besides, if it is to be lost, my king and country have the best right to the first offer of it.

Deben. Make yourself easy, for I'll go immediately, and have you both bound over. Come along ; the barge is coming by this time.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE *a Street.*

Enter Debenture, Wilmot, Teneriffe, Coromandel, Adelaide, and Old Belford.

DEBENTURE.

MY dear Russel Cloudeſſy, give me your hand---
How fares it after all your fighting?

Wilm. Sound, uncle; have not loſt a yard, or timber---Ha! my old pike of Teneriffe, I am glad to ſee thee well. [*Shaking hands.*]

Ten. Give me hold of your grappling irons! you're a fine lad, and a good ſeaman; I wiſh you were an admiral; if you were an Engliſh admiral, you'd be one of the greateſt men living.

Wilm. Have I brought you riches enough, uncle?

Deben. Ah! Ruſſel, you know I never was covetous, I have but a ſhort time to live; a ſmall matter will ſerve me for the remainder of my days; and if I never want, I ſhall be ſatiſfied. How much do you think ſhe'll bring?

Wilm. Half a million.

Deben. That is as well as you can judge in the groſs; but ſhe may turn out to be worth more---Eh, Ruſſel?

Wilm. Monſieur Coromandel, this is Mr. Debenture, and Captain Teneriffe, my joint owners.

Corom. Meſſrs. je ſuis charmé de vous voir---I am ver proud to ſee you.

Deben. And I aſſure you, Sir, we are very proud to ſee you; eſpecially when we reſlect on the cauſe of our acquaintance.

Wilm. Sir, this is the general's lady.

Adel. Me be very glad to ſee you vit all my heart.

Wilm. And this, Sir, is Mynheer Van Slopen.

Deben. Sir, you are welcome to England; I am proud to hear you have ſent your money home before to Holland.

O. Bel. Sir, I thank you; my property has fortunately arrived long since in Europe.

Deben. Why, Sir, you speak English---We were told you were a Dutchman.

O. Bel. Sir, I received the early and greater part of my education in England. [*Aside.*] He has no recollection of me, I perceive.

Deben. Sir, I'll endeavour to make your stay in England as agreeable as possible. We English, love the Dutch, and, I hope, shall continue always on good terms. And now, Madam, and you, gentlemen, will you give me leave to shew you your apartments, poor accommodation, but the best I have. Friend Tene-riffe, you'll have the goodness to take care of Mr. Slopen. [*Exeunt all but Belford and Wilmot.*]

Ten. Come, Sir, we are under sailing orders.

O. Bel. I have a few words to say to Captain Wilmot, and shall follow you.

Ten. Well, I shall make sail a-head, but don't let that separate you from the body of the fleet. [*Exit.*]

O. Bel. You have written to young Belford.

Wilm. I have, Sir, and expect him here every moment.

O. Belf. I esteemed his father, and promised him, when I was quitting India, upon my arrival in Europe, to make enquiries into the state of his family.

Wilm. It is somewhat extraordinary, Sir, that he never wrote to his son.

O. Bel. He heard that he died soon after his mother; I myself have paid a tear more than once to their memory, when my friend, in the anguish of recollection, has related the misfortunes of his youth to me.

Wilm. Here is Mr. Belford's servant.

Enter Bronze.

Bron. Sir, you are welcome home---I wish you joy with

with all my heart ; I hope to see you a Nabob, before you have done with the Mounseurs.

Wilm. Thank you, thank you, Bronze. But where's your master ?

Bron. What has not he been here ?

Wilm. No.

Bron. Ay, Sir, at his old tricks ; some game has started ; and as he knows you, Captain, to be a keen sportsman, he thinks he may break an appointment with you, on certain occasions. 'Sdeath, Sir, don't you know him of old ; no magnet ever misled steel, as a petticoat will my master---But, lord Sir, what need I say any thing to you, who, from your own experience, must have such a fellow feeling for him ?

O. Belf. I am sorry, Captain Wilmot, to hear this man speak thus of my friend's son ; you taught me to believe, that he was prudent and sober, free from the vices, which in general taint youth.

Bron. Prudent and sober ! and so he is, Sir ; as prudent and sober as any young gentleman in England ; but you judge of him, Mynheer, by the standard of Dutch constitution ; in which all the philosophers agree, that the blood freezes before twenty.

O. Bel. [*Aside.*] I am determined to know more of my son's character before I discover myself.—Is there no possibility, friend, of seeing your master ?

Bron. Not, I fancy, till he has dispatched his present business, though you were a prime minister.

O. Bel. I fear, Captain Wilmot, I shall have but an unfavourable account to transmit to India, of young Belford.

Bron. [*Aside to Wilmot.*] 'Sdeath, Sir ! sure this is not the old gentleman who knows my master's father in India !

Wilm. Yes, but it is, Bronze, and you should have spoke with less levity of him.—But I hope, Sir, you will

will take my word before this fellow's, for my friend's character. [To Old Belford.]

Bron. Do, I beseech you, Sir, for I have got such a damn'd habit of lying and slandering, by living in great families, that I can't give a good character of anybody.—Sober and prudent did I say! my master's as regular as a time-piece, never out of order, unless when he threshes me; his pulse does not quicken two strokes in a month; his blood is all iced cream; nothing warm about him except his heart; and that, Sir, I assure you, is every fibre English.

Wilm. But yonder comes George, let him speak for himself.

O. Bel. What, is that he?

Wilm. You seem moved, Sir.

O. Bel. [*Aside.*] His mother's dear image at once softens and reproaches me in his looks.—I confess I am moved, Sir. His father I have the strongest friendship for, and he resembles him much.

Enter George Belford.

G. Bel. Dear Willmot, I am rejoiced to see you.

Wilm. I think, George, you'll believe me, when I say, the pleasure is mutual: but, my boy, I can serve you with old Hunk; I have two powerful advocates to back my petition in your behalf, gold and success, George, which never plead in vain with your uncle.

O. Bel. [*Aside.*] Nature is at this moment so powerful with my spirit, my greatest efforts can scarce hide the tumult.

Wilm. But give me leave, George, to introduce you to this gentleman, Mynheer Van Slopen, he knows your father, and assures me he is still living.

G. Bel. With esteem and respect I meet a gentleman who is my father's friend.

O. Bel. I have lived, Sir, in the strictest intimacy with your father for many years, and slender as my knowledge of his son is, I feel I must regard him.

G. Bel.

G. Bel. I hope, Sir, fortune has not been unkind to him.

Q. Bel. Liberal to a degree, his fortune is immense.

Bron. Ecod, that's good hearing, we shall touch soon, I perceive. [*Aside to G. Belford.*] Pray, Sir, if I may be so bold as to ask, when do you think the old gentleman will return to Europe?

O. Bel. I can't tell you, friend; however, this much I can tell you, that you have no reason to desire his arrival; for whenever he comes, he'll make your master part with you.

Bron. Lord, Sir! what unforgiving tempers you Dutch gentlemen have! Why, Sir, nobody minds what I say. I am so poor, Sir, that they call me a wit, and by that charter, I speak ill of every body.

Wilm. I shall go this moment, George, to my uncle's, and if I find argument to be lost on him, will assist you in getting Harriet away; thanks to fortune, my friend, I am rich enough to make us both happy.

O. Bel. I think, Sir, I could powerfully assist your cause, by letting him know your father's riches.

Bron. You are right, indeed, Sir; tell him my master's father is rich, and he'll prefer him to the wisest son-in-law in England.

Wilm. I'll meet you within an hour on board the prize.

G. Bel. Till then, adieu! in the mean time I shall beg to know of this gentleman more of my father's fate. [*Exeunt Old Belford, G. Belford and Wilmot.*]

Bron. So, I am to be turned off, as soon as the old gentleman returns! A pretty requital truly, for toiling and hurrying so long with the young one!--- Damme, if such ingratitude is n't enough to put a man out of conceit with the world, and make him retire like Diogenes to a tub, or rather, a cask---a full

one though, for I'll be hanged, Bronze, if thou couldst ever play Diogenes from an empty one. Well then, to a full cask will I retire ; and since I can't rail the world into gratitude, like a wiser philosopher than Diogenes was, I'll drink myself into patience. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Debenture's House.

Harriet and Debenture discovered.

Deben. So, General Coromandel has been making love to you?

Har. He has teased me so, Sir, I could scarce get rid of him.

Deben. Zounds ! Is not his Nankin-coloured lady enough for him ?

Har. He's more intolerable than even the monster Teneriffe.

Deben. Let me not hear a word in disparagement of my friend Teneriffe ; any woman in England might like him, for he's worth above a hundred thousand pounds.---Ha ! Egad I believe Monsieur is coming to ask my consent already. Get you to your chamber, and prepare yourself to receive Captain Teneriffe. Come, Madam, none of your pouting and black looks ; smile and look pleasant, or, damme, you'll find me look like the devil.

Har. I am very unfortunate. [*Exit.*]

Deben. Oh ! here comes my son-in-law that wou'd be.

Enter Coromandel.

Corom. Monsieur Debenture, est vous là ? Are you dere ? Vous avez m'enfranchisé ; you ave set a me free, by your politesse. Ah ! Mon Dieu ! Je suis captive encore. I am taken prisoner again.

Deben. The devil you are !

Corom. Ah, Monsieur ! J'ai perdu mon appetit, me

me cannot eat ; je ne puis pas dormir, me cannot sleep ; je ne puis pas rien, me can do noting at all.

Deben. You cannot sleep, you cannot eat, why what does the fellow mean ? He has not been an hour in my house, and he talks of eating and sleeping already.

Corom. Que voulez vous que je fasse, Monsieur ? Vat I must do ?

Deben. What must you do ? Why wait till supper is ready, and I'll engage you'll eat a belly-full, and sleep like a top after it.

Corom. Ecoutez, Monsieur ; j'ai une petite chose à proposer, me ave someting to propose to you. J'aime votre fille, me love a your daughter ; & s'il vous plait, if you like, me trow at her foot ma fortune and person.

Deben. Ay, but, Monsieur, in that case, what is to become of the dingy lady ?---To be plain with you, Monsieur, I will not give you my daughter ; no, though I had a dozen, I would not give you one of them.

Corom. [*Aside.*] Quelle sauvage ! Mais sa fille ! Oh, Mon Dieu ! his daughter be von angel. Suppose me offer le diamant, he vil not discover, pour son advantage, for his own sake.

Deben. Monsieur seems in a brown study. [*Strikes him on the shoulder.*] Well, Monsieur, make yourself easy and content with your dark-complexion'd lady, for you shall never have my daughter, [*Going.*

Corom. Attendez un peu ; stay a little, if you please.

Deben. [*Returning.*] What have you to say to me ?

Corom. Aimez vous l'argent ? Do you love money ?

Deben. Does a Frenchman love soup ?

Corom. Sans doute. Eh ! bien, attendez. Now me vill discover von secret---J'ai caché deux gros diamants ; me have secrete von two diamonds, worth de half of de whole ship's cargo.

Deben. What, have you secreted two diamonds, you rogue ?

Corom. Attendez, Monsieur; Je les cache pour vous, me ave secrete dem for you.

Deben. Oh! that alters the case quite, my honest fellow—but where are they? Have you got them about you?

Corom. Me vil speak a no more, till me know, if you vil marry me your daughter.

Deben. Give me your hand—you shall have her—provided you give me up the diamonds; and conceal this from my partners.

Corom. Je les apporterai, tout maintenant—I vil bring dem dis instant—provided you keep a your vord.

Deben. Keep yours, and never fear me. Oh, I find Monsieur Coromandel is a very honest fellow---[*Exit Coromandel.*] Oh! here is Mynheer Van Slopen; I am wonderfully taken with this Dutch merchant; I understand he has lodged upwards of 300,000*l.* in the Dutch funds. What a fine understanding he must possess to have made such a fortune.

Enter Old Belford.

Dear Sir, you are kindly welcome to my house; I beg you'll consider it your home; you shall have as hearty a welcome as you'd meet with in Holland.

O. Bel. Sir, you oppress me with civilities; I fear it will exceed my power to make you any thing like a suitable return.

Deben. If you say a word more of a return, it will make me angry with you—when I hear you talk so, it makes me think you suppose me avaricious—but, my good Sir, how can I serve you? Do you want money? I know you have enough of it, or I would not ask you the question, for fear of offending you.

O. Bel.

THE LIVERPOOL PRIZE.

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O. Bel. Sir, I heartily thank you for your obliging offer; but I am amply supply'd for my present occasion.

Deben. But Mynheer, where is Captain Wilmot? Hadn't he the good manners to shew you to my house?

O. Bel. I left him this moment talking to Adelaide, Monsieur Coromandel's Gentoo wife. She was in tears, and I overheard her say she had a secret to communicate to him.

Deben. [*Aside.*] The murder's out then, I find; she has heard of the General's intended marriage with Harriet. But do you think, Mynheer, that this brown woman is really the General's wife?

O. Bel. It was so said in India; and that she had brought him an immense fortune in jewels.

Deben. [*Aside.*] O, ho! these are part of her fortune I am going to get.

O. Bel. [*Looking out as into another room.*] Pray, Sir, who is that young lady I see yonder?

Deben. What, that's leaning upon her elbow, with the book in her hand? That, Sir, is my daughter.

O. Bel. She's exceedingly handsome.

Deben. O! Sir, you see her at a distance---well enough to pass.

O. Bel. I never beheld any thing so bewitchingly handsome.

Deben. [*Aside.*] Why sure Mynheer has'nt fall'n in love with her. I wish he would; he'd make a better son-in-law than either of 'em; then the Frenchman will be glad to give me one of the diamonds to keep me silent, which is my interest, as one is more than would fall to my share, should I discover.

O. Bel. There is something in that young lady I am particularly taken with.

Deben. Why, Sir, I'll call her in, and introduce you to her.

[*Going.*]

O. Bel.

O. Bel. By no means; she appears intent upon some favourite author, and I would not disturb her for the world.

Deben. Favourite fiddlestick!--I'll call her.

[*Going again.*]

O. Ben. I beg, my good friend, you'd sit down; I have something to say to you.

Deben. Ay, ay, I see she has done Mynheer's business. Give me leave, Mynheer.

[*Hands chairs, and they sit.*]

O. Bel. I have a great notion of settling in England, Mr. Deventure.

Deben. And I advise you to it by all means; our climate is a great deal better than yours; we have scarce half a dozen fogs in the year; and even these we import by an easterly wind from Holland; but I'd advise you to marry. A young wife would prolong your life twenty years.

O. Bel. I confess to you, Sir, I have no objection to the married state, provided I could meet with a partner suitable to my fancy.

Deben. Will you take one of my recommending?

O. Bel. With all my heart.

Deben. What do you say to that girl yonder?

O. Bel. That I am ready to lay my fortune at her feet.

Deben. I'll call her in this moment. [*Going.*]

O. Bel. Hold a moment!--Is not she on the point of marriage with another?

Deben. It is no such thing--Monsieur Coromandel, indeed, proposed for her; but I have more conscience than to consent to such a union, whilst the saffron-faced lady is living.

O. Bel. But I understood, that the young lady's affections were actually engaged to Mr. Belford.

Deben. What, my nephew? I'd as soon marry her to

to old Midships, as to that fellow. Why, Sir, if it was only for his father's sake, he should not have her.

O. Belf. I fancy you forget, Mr. Deventure, that his father was my friend.

Deben. I am very sorry you had ever any connection with him; I was in hopes he was hanged.

O. Bel. [*Aside.*] He's certainly much obliged to you.

Deben. But I'll bring in Harriet, and introduce you to her; she shall sing you a song, and play you a tune upon the harpsichord; Oh! she thrums rarely upon the harpsichord. [*Exit Deventure.*]

O. Bel. If I had unmasked, and avowed myself at once an advocate for my son, I find, I should not have succeeded. I'll discover myself to Harriet, and make no doubt, but her father will overlook all objections, when he finds that I really possess Mynheer Van Slopen's property.

Enter Deventure and Harriet.

Deben. Oh! you obstinate baggage, are you determined to put your kind, indulgent father in the grave? One, who never crosses you in any thing, you ungrateful slut you.

Har. I beseech you, Sir, on my knees, not to press me farther. [*Kneels.*]

Deben. Mynheer, I'll be with you presently; I am only giving Harriet a blessing before I introduce her. 'Sdeath, Madam, what do you mean?

Har. Well, Sir, since you are determined upon making me wretched, I resign myself, as I have been taught to think it is my duty to do so.

Deben. What a sweet dutiful, good girl it is. Here, Mynheer, is a pattern for daughters: but I'll leave you together. Harkee, Mynheer [*Aside to Old Belford.*]---Press the marriage, she'll excuse your im-
pa-

patience, as you are just arrived from the East-Indies.

[Exit Debuture.]

O. Bel. I am sorry, Madam, my presence, distresses you so much.

Har. Oh! Sir, I understand that you know Mr. Belford's father; that you had a friendship for him; how then can you be the instrument of making your friend's son miserable?

O. Bel. What, Madam! are you so strongly attached to this young Belford?

Har. Attached, Sir! his happiness and mine are inseparably united; I live only in the expectation of being his.

O. Bel. Then, Madam, I can hardly suppose, he deserves a bad character.

Har. A bad character! The breath of malice could never glance upon his reputation. The amiableness of his manner, the sweetness of his temper, have gained him the affection of every body, except my unrelenting father.

O. Bel. I must believe you, for your words give me rapture.

Har. Why can you receive pleasure from the praises of a rival?

O. Bel. A rival! he's my son, and can you wonder at my transports?

Har. Am I awake!

O. Bel. My dear girl, conceal your emotion as much as possible, and appear resigned to comply with your father's request; I have not yet discovered myself to George, but promised to intercede for him. I'll put him a little to the rack, to render his pleasure afterwards the more exquisite.

Deben. [Without.] You shall not go in, Wilmot. Mynheer Van Slopen is very busy, he can't speak to you.

Wilmot.

Wilmot. [*Without.*] But I will;—I am determined to know the bottom of all this.

Enter Debenture, Wilmot, and Adelaide.

O. Bel. What can be the meaning of this confusion?

Wilm. Mynheer Van Slopen, do you not know that Adelaide is the legal wife of Coromandel?

O. Bel. I heard as much in India---I can even go so far as to declare she was publicly received as his wife.

Adel. Me vas, indeed! My father gave him two grands diamants for my fortune.

Wilm. Two great diamonds for your fortune! and what's become of them?

Adel. He has dem here [*Points to her breast.*] in his best of coat.

Deben. Pho, pho, pho. Do you mind what she says, after the falsehood she has told you? He got diamonds concealed! not he, poor fellow. I look upon the General to be a very honest man, one that would not wrong us of a fixpence. [*Aside.*] It would be the very devil, if the diamonds should be discovered.

Wilm. As for your part, Mr. Debenture, I am astonished at you, how could you think of giving your daughter to a man, who has a wife already?

Deben. Why now! here it is. Why that circumstance alone might convince you. Did not I tell you before, that this was all an invention of this woman's, (the mere effect of jealousy, I suppose) just of a piece with the tale of the diamonds---But ask Mynheer, he can acquit me of this charge.

O. Bel. I think, Captain Wilmot, I can assure you, that Mr. Debenture, has other views for his daughter.

Deben. Ay; other views, for my daughter! Zounds, do you think I'd give her to a copper-coloured rascal,

F

upon

upon half an hour's acquaintance---A fellow sprung from the lord knows who! and come from the lord knows where!

Wilm. Truly, this is most extraordinary.

Deben. I never met with any thing so extraordinary in the course of my life. But harkee, Wilmot, is she accustomed to drink? she does not appear to me to be perfectly sober. [*Aside to him.*

Wilm. Where is the General, Adelaide?

Adel. At de ship, to get de diamant.

Wilm. Then, Mr. Deventure, will you accompany me so far? Your interest, as well as mine, is concerned,

Deben. My dear friend, sure I know that---I know what I have to lose, if the diamonds be discovered.

[*Aside.*

Wilm. You'll come, Mynheer.

O. Bel. With all my heart; I should be glad to know the truth. [*Exeunt Wilmot and O. Belf.*

Deben. But, Harriet, how do you like him?

Har. Sir, you have made me happy, by introducing me to him.

Deben. My dear girl, you transport me---But its no wonder she likes him---He's a fine looking old fellow---Damme, I shall ever think well of a Dutchman's gallantry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

THE LIVERPOOL PRIZE.

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SCENE *changes to a view of the harbour; the French East-Indiaman and the Privateer riding at anchor.*

Enter Teneriffe and Geo. Belford.

Ten. We'll cruise in company, my boy; and whoever she strikes to first, he shall have her.

Geo. Bel. Then from this moment, all animosity ceases between us, as rivals.

Enter Bronze.

Bron. Sir, I have the strangest news for you---there's a treaty of alliance, going to be struck between France and England.

Ten. Damme, impossible; you may as well tell me of a treaty of alliance between salt water and fresh; but this is news brought by the Brussels Gazette packet, which ought to be sunk long ago, for it's damn'd cargo of lying intelligence.

G. Bel. Explain, Bronze, I don't understand you.

Bron. Then Sir, to descend to the humble phrase of comprehension, I have the infelicity to inform you, Sir, and you too, Captain, that Miss Harriet Deben-
ture is going to be married to General Coromandel.

G. Bel. What, the French General taken in the prize?

Bron. The same, Sir.

Ten. He's Wilmot's prisoner, we'll clap him in irons if he does not resign her.

G. Bel. Where is he, Bronze?

Bron. I am told that he and his valet are on board the prize, concealing, no doubt, what they can, as this, I understand, is to be their last visit to it. Stand back, here he comes; let me have the rumaging of him.

[Coromandel comes ashore with his valet in the boat.]

Ten. Avaft, I won't have his lockers meddled with; though he fights under an enemy's flag, he's an officer, and a gentleman, and shall be treated with honour and respect

Wilm. [*Without.*] Let General Coromandel and his valet be secured.

Bron. [*To G. Belford.*] S'death, Sir, here comes your uncle! step into that coffee-house, and if any thing happen which should require your presence, I'll be with you in a trice. Away, they are here.

[*Exit G. Belford.*]

Enter Debenture, Wilmot, Old Belford, Harriet and Adelaide.

Corom. Secure me, and my valet---pourquoy? For vat, mon Dieu! [*To Debent.*] Ah! mon chere ami---Ecoutez, ici, dis vay.

Deben. Eh! why what does the fellow mean? well, what have you to say to me?

Corom. Mon Dieu! avez vous oublié? have a you forget?

Deben. Forgot! [*With seeming astonishment.*] I'm in the moon! I can't comprehend, for my part, what you'll be at. [*Aside.*] And hope every body present will be in the same situation.

Wilm. Come, Adelaide, let me see now if you have spoken truth; make good your charge.

Adel. He has dem here. [*Pointing to his left breast.*]

Corom. Diable! que faites vous---vat you do, damn'd vomans?

Wilm. Come, come, Monsieur, no resistance.

[*Cuts from the inside of his coat a case with diamonds.*]

Ten. Damme, he has 'em sure enough; who could have suppos'd this now? General! henceforth I'll never trust to the honour of a *French* one.

Deben. Well, I protest, I could never have suspected this! Why now, General, do you think this is behaving like a gentleman, to conceal these diamonds after our civil treatment of you?

Corom. Eh! bien, Monsieur---Did a you not know it yourself?

Deben;

Deben. I know it ! who the devil should tell me ? Here's a fellow for you ! Damme, he wants to make me an accomplice in his villainy.

Corom. Mais, Monsieur Debenture, avez vous oublié, votre promesse ? You no remember your promise ?

Deben. Upon my word, my good friend, I am quite in the dark---I don't recollect any promise I ever made you.

Corom. Non ! did you no say you would marry me your daughter pour ceux diamants ?

Deben. Who I ! Do you think I have taken leave of my senses ? Besides, ar'nt you married already---do you think you are in Turkey, where you may have as many wives as you please ? But I see how it is---all this mistake, I perceive, is owing to my not understanding French.

Ten. Now I perceive the reason I was turn'd adrift, he had a better prize in view.

O. Bel. Oh fie ! fie ! fie ! Coromandel ! this gentleman, so far from intending his daughter to you, has already disposed of her to me.

Ten. Damme, sure you don't say so.

Bron. [*Aside.*] There's some foul play going forward ; I'll call my master. [*Exit Bronze.*]

Wilm. But, is this fair ? Is this honourable, Mynheer ? Did you not promise my friend to exert your interest in his behalf ?

Ten. This fellow's a true Dutchman, shews fair colours to all nations, but under deck fomenting their quarrels : so, by his neutral flag, he's always sure of bringing his cargo to the best market.

Enter G. Belford and Bronze.

G. Fel. Where is the man, who under the specious title of my father's friend, has aim'd such a blow at my

my happiness? Have you acted well, Sir, is this your promise to serve me?

O. Bel. Will you be calm for a moment, Sir?

G. Bel. Is this, Sir, your friendship for my father? basely to take advantage of the influence your immoderate wealth gave you to render his son the most miserable of mankind! But what are my sufferings! I feel most for my poor Harriet, who is thus sacrificed.

O. Bel. Hold, hold, Sir; I fancy you mistake: perhaps you will find this young lady not altogether so averse to this match as you may imagine; undeceive him, my dear Harriet, and let him know your regard for me.

G. Bel. Her regard for you!

Har. Yes, George, it is very true---my regard for him---don't blame me now, for I protest I can't help it.

G. Bel. I am in a dream, surely.

Bronze. Who the devil would have supposed a girl of her age and spirit would have chosen an old fellow instead of a young one!

G. Bel. Mynheer, give me your hand. I forgive you from the bottom of my heart; I do, by heaven! —Oh! woman, woman! [*Going.*]

O. Bel. His agitation touches me to the soul. Mr. Belford, a word with you.

G. Bel. With me, Sir!

O. Bel. Sir, to shew you that I don't want generosity, I'll resign you your mistress.

Deben. What, without my consent, Mynheer? Do you think I'll give my daughter to a beggar?

O. Bel. A beggar, Sir! I'll settle half my fortune upon him immediately, and the remainder at my death.

Deben. I don't believe a word of it.

G. Bel. In the name of all that's noble and generous,

rous, who are you, that rack me thus alternately with hope and despair ?

O. Bel. Who am I ? Look in my face, George, and tell me if you read nothing there warmer than benevolence, or friendship ? Do you not read in these tears, in this wild, this ungovernable tumult of spirit, the fond affection of a parent ?

G. Bel. It is, it is my father ! Nature tells me so !

[*They embrace.*]

O. Bel. Rise, George ; now I am truly happy.

Deben. [*Afide.*] His father ! I am in a fine scrape then : but it is no matter, I must brazen it out.---My dear brother, you are welcome to Europe ; how rejoiced I am to find you returned so well !---[*Afide.*] And with, so much money !---[*To G. Belford.*] Why, Belford, you young dog, I was all along determined nobody but you should have my daughter ; there heaven bless you together, and now let us see who dare separate you.

Wilm. My dear George, I want words to express the pleasure I feel.---[*To O. Belford.*] But why, dear Sir, would you conceal yourself from me ?

O. Bel. You know, Wilmot, I was a stranger to your character. I had determined to conceal myself from every body, in order to come with more ease and certainty at a knowledge of my son's disposition ; and had he not proved what I wished and what I find him, I would have buried myself in some obscure retreat, and conceal'd my chagrin and disappointment for ever.

Ten. Mr. Belford, give me your hand ; you are welcome to England. I had forgot your face : but you know we were once messmates ; we have peppered the Monsieurs before now in company. [*To G. Bel.*] And, young fellow, I wish you joy with all my heart. I now begin to think it better for all parties, that you have got the girl. As for you, Mr, Debuture---

Deben.

Deben. Ay, here it is ; now we shall never hear the last of this story of the diamonds.

Ten. I tell you what, friend, I have done with you, and never will sail a cable's length more in your company.

Deb. Well, well, as I said before, all this mistake has been owing to my not understanding French.

[*Breeze from the ship with a speaking trumpet.*

Breeze. Ho ! Captain Teneriffe, a-hoy !

Ten. Holloa !

Breeze. The prisoners are going a-shore.

Ten. That's right.

Bronze. Zounds ! I'm glad of this, we shall now have a full view of a ragged regiment. The first time I ever saw a procession of French prisoners, it frightened me. I thought the world was at end, when I beheld so many skeletons in motion, and that the gibbets had resigned their dead, as a warning to the graves follow their example.

[*The prisoners come in guarded by sailors, with cutlasses, drums and fiddles playing Britons Strike Home.*

Wilm. Come on, my noble fellows, lodge safe your prisoners, see them well treated, then all hands aboard, and once more have at the French.

S O N G.

Tune, The dusky night, &c.

Behold upon the swelling wave,
With streaming rendants gay,
Our gallant ship in the brave,
While glory leads the way.

C H O R U S.

And a cruizing we will go,
And a cruizing we will go,
A cruizing we will go,
And a cruizing we will go,

II. Ye

THE LIVERPOOL PRIZE.

41

II.

Ye beauteous maids your smiles bestow,
For if your prove unkind,
How can we hope to beat the foe,
Who leave our hearts behind.
When a cruizing, &c.

III.

See Keppel's flag once more display'd,
Upon the deck he stands,
Old England's glory ne'er can fade,
Nor tarnish in his hands.
So a cruizing, &c.

IV.

Be England to herself but true,
To France defiance hurl'd,
Give peace, America, with you,
And war with all the world.
Then a cruizing, &c.

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